

HALO: Endgame

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Summary: The Master Chief and a Team of SPARTANs infiltrate a structure containing a map to the Covenant's Homeworld, now the final Battle is coming, and everyone is thinking the same thing. Can the Master Chief Survive the battle that will decide the fate of the

HALO: Endgame

**2353 hours, December 23, 2552 (Military Calendar)\
> UNSC recon team, Unknown planet

Master Chief looked over the hill down on the encampment; nearest him were small tents that housed methane for the grunts. Two Grunts sat outside sleeping. Small paths lead to the Jackal housings, which were right next to the golden tents of the Elites. The tents were displayed in a three-sixty degree around a centre structure, the Spartan's objective. He moved up a bit more and motioned to the rest of his team.

Two more Spartans crawled up the hill and produced Rocket Launchers. He looked down the hill, where he had come from and made sure the rest of his team were on stand by.

Master Chief chinned his suits COM.

"Jesse, Alex, fire the rockets into the Elite tents, then pull back, Matt, shoot any thing that comes out of the tent after."

Three blue lights on his hud blinked in acknowledgement.

"There not going to happy now!" Cortana noted.

Two rocket warheads hurtled down the valley and slammed into the nearest Elite tent. It burst into flames and the Aliens around it screamed as molten slag burned their skin. White contrails betrayed bullets from Matts sniper rifle as he picked off a few more

Elites.

"Sir this is Master Chief, beginning assault on the objective." He said.

In a UNSC flag ship orbiting the planet, Admiral Hood received the transmission.

"Good work Chief,"

Master Chief cut the transmission and stood up, and fired a quick burst from his rifle.

"All call-signs, go!" He shouted and the two Warthog LAAVs waiting at the bottom of the hill sped past him. He jumped and grabbed a handrail as one sped past. He leapt into the passenger seat as it roared over the hill and crushed three unlucky Grunts, sleeping there. Each Warthog consisted of a driver, passenger, gunner, two more soldiers on the back beside the gunner and another two Spartans hanging one handed either side of the passenger and driver. Shell casings rained down everywhere as the gunner and Master Chief fired at the Covenant. The other Warthog came up beside them, Jesse was operating the Gauss cannon on the back and Matt and Alex were sitting behind him firing at any one left. They approached the complex and noticed two Hunters guarding the area. The passenger on the other Warthog took it out with a rocket. Master Chief's Warthog skidded and slammed into it. The gunner pumping rounds into the fallen Hunter, They exited their Warthogs and took up positions around the large entrance.

"Blues, two to seven, take up holding positions here and protect our six, hold here for as long as you can, then fall back to here,"

He said marking a point on their navs. "The rest of you follow me." Master Chief said jamming a new clip into his BR55 assault rifle. He and seven other Spartans entered the complex.

The moment they entered the long hallway, four Spartans "Daniel, Michael, Jaclyn, Peter" moved to the opposite side and they jogged up the hallway. Master Chief, Jesse, Alex and Matt stayed on their side.

They then entered a large room.

"Shit!" Jaclyn cursed.

For through all the rubble and collapsed monuments, were four Hunters, fuel rod cannons pulsing green.

**2400 hours, December 23, 2552 (Military Calendar)\
> UNSC recon team, Unknown planet
 Inside Covenant
complex**

Master Chief dived left as the plasma hurled down the corridor, exploding over the wall. Daniel threw two grenades towards the Hunters. The shields knocked the grenades away to explode harmlessly on the floor. One Plasma caught Alex by surprise and seared his left side.

"Man down!" Jaclyn

Another hunter fired and a pillar fell on top another, forming a sort of ramp.

A sort of ramp

"Everybody take cover!"

Master Chief tossed his rifle away and pulled out two M7 Caseless SMGs. He jammed fresh clips into them and ran forward, firing at the Hunters. He sprinted along the makeshift ramp and launched himself off the ramp into the Hunters midst.

"You are one crazy son of a bitch!" Cortana said in his ear.

He wrapped his hand around one Hunter's neck and swung himself up on it, avoiding the spikes on its back. He emptied a whole clip into the back of its head. He rode the Hunter down as it collapsed and as it hit the ground, Master Chief rolled under another and emptied another clip into its back. The other Hunter fell, almost crushing Master Chief's legs. The two other Hunters roared and they levelled their cannons. Master Chief dropped his empty SMGs and flung two grenades into the cannons, then dove under a pillar as they exploded. Orange blood smeared everywhere.

Master Chief then whistled and his team appeared. Alex limped next to Michael, half his armour was black. Suddenly one of the Hunters groaned and tried to stand, the Spartans turned and eight rounds simultaneously entered the Hunters head. Each Spartan had fired one round at the same time. Master Chief shook his head, he then jammed two clips into the SMGs and the Spartans pressed on.

Outside the Spartans set up the Warthogs just inside the entrance ready for departure. They all lay prone in an one-eighty degree arc of fire. Their weapons mounted on bipods and an ever rising pile of Covenant bodies in front of them, which had become literally a wall, forty metres away, there were Grunts, Jackals, Elites, Hunters, even the odd Brute or two. In addition, thousands of spent shell casings around them. From left to right there was Cassandra with a S2 AM sniper rifle, Nick with a BR55 rifle, Robert holding a MA5B, Ace with a M90 Shotgun, Ashley with a rocket Launcher, and Lance with a M7 SMG.

They fired their respective weapons again as a flood of Grunts surged over the dead and made a dash for the Spartans.

Soon they would have to retreat, Lance thought as he assaulted the Grunts with 5mm rounds. They were slowly running out of Ammo.

"Nick, Ashley we'll cover you while you place the Lotuses." He said.

Five acknowledgement lights winked on his HUD.

The Spartans picked up their weapons and ran for the dead wall. They climbed over one side, and propped their weapons on the top, firing down the other side, taking a group of advancing Elites by surprise. They fell under a torrent of bullets.

"Marking Lotus positions on your HUDs step carefully; see you at the

'Hogs." Came Nick's voice.

They tossed three grenades each over the side and sprinted back. Ace leapt into the first Warthog and Lance rode Shotgun with Nick on the back. Robert took the next Warthog while Ashley drove Shotgun and Cassandra as gunner.

They sped down the hall and screamed into a wide-open space. Orange blood splattered the centre of the room and burns marked most of the surfaces.

"Why does the Chief get all the fun?" Cassandra asked as they sped up a ramp at the side of the room.

End
file.